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MONSIEUR JULLIEN.

Who can anatomise the career of Monsieur Jullien?

Five years ago Monsieur Jullien came to England without a penny and without a prospect. Five years ago Monsieur Jullien was charmed if he could dispose of the copyright of a set of quadrilles for a guinea. Now he has many pennies and many prospects—and many guineas for quadrilles. Now he speculates with gold and bank notes, where erst he built castles in the air. In short, a more prosperous man than Monsieur Jullien does not inhabit London at this hour. Where lies the secret of his thriving?

Does he play the fiddle like Paganini?—No.

Does he play the piano like Liszt?—No.

Does he sing like Rubini?—No.

Does he compose like Rossini?—No. In what, then, does he excel?

He writes *contredanses*—waltzes—Polkas—galops, &c. &c. But so does Musard, and so does Strauss—and they are content to be leaders of quadrille bands, while Monsieur Jullien is amassing a princely fortune.

See how the *Manchester Times*—that influential organ of the second town of the empire—speaks of the music at a recent fancy ball, supplied by Monsieur Jullien:—

"Of the music which inspired the exhilarating dance no terms which we could employ would sufficiently express appropriate admiration of its beauty and excellence. M. Jullien stood in front of his band, waving his sparkling baton, and animated with the kindred spirits around him: the leading characteristics of his music were delightfully brought out: precision, force, lightness, and rapture were all, in their turns, embodied and set forth with more than his wonted marvellous genius. THE JOY WHICH HE FELT, he communicated, by the talismanic influence of his wand, throughout the vast hall, which was one scene of universal radiance and pleasure."—(*Manchester Times*, Jan. 25th.)

"The joy which he felt" was doubtless connected with the prospect of a large receipt. On the head of each particular dancer did Monsieur Jullien see a guinea—and feet "twinkled silvery" to his eye, in the mazes of the Polka.

But Monsieur Jullien is a wise man, and studies the signs of the times, and therein lies the secret of his thriving. One of the signs of the times is the influence of the press on the ear popular—and this sign was discovered by Monsieur Jullien, five years ago, when he arrived in England without a penny

and without a prospect. At first he was quizzed and rebuffed by a zealous unanimity of waggery—but he soon found means to modify the quizzing and rebuffing, into soft raillery and patronising pats on the head—and eventually succeeded in transforming the soft raillery and patronising pats on the head into unmeasured encomium and puff direct—which proves that Monsieur Jullien not only marks the signs of the times but knows the secret of profiting by them. And how cunningly has he placed his thumb upon the boasted independence of the press!

But the praise of the *Manchester Times* is moonshine in comparison with the blaze of eloquence into which the merits of Monsieur Jullien have warmed another provincial paper. What will our readers say to the following, from the *Birmingham Journal*—one of the most influential organs of the third town in the empire?

"Jullien was, as usual, all energy, tempered and regulated by the most correct grace. He sweeps his baton through the noiseless air, and a burst of harmony follows; he moves his arm in slow and gentle undulations, and the music, obedient to his behest, rises and falls with softest cadence, the variations of which are felt rather than heard. The slightest motion, and the most animated, are followed by their appropriate musical effects. It seems as if he alone were the performer. Midas, of old, was rewarded by Silenus with the power of turning every thing he touched into gold. Apollo, we could almost believe, has conferred upon Jullien, for his musical enthusiasm, the power of creating harmony by a wave of his cabalistic wand."

Apollo, we have heard, conferred upon Midas (of old) a pair of donkey's ears, in reward for his peculiar judgment on musical subjects—is there no modern Apollo to do the like for one who thus apostrophises our modern Pan? The *Cheltenham Chronicle*, usually so discreet, in quoting the convulsions of its Birmingham cotemporary, thus out-herods Herod:—

"Who would not give his half-crown to see this pet of Apollo work his enchantments upon the air, making it ONE RICH UTTERANCE OF MULTITUDINOUS HARMONIES? Perhaps there is a mysterious virtue in Jullien's baton, akin to the secret influence of mesmerism. If so, the wonderful results which flow from its "passes" are at once explained—a consideration very much in favor of the hypothesis!"

The plain *bonhomie* of this is its excuse.

But the above are not a tithe of what we have before us. The entire provincial press, emulating the fatuity of its easy brotherhood of the metropolis, perspires profusest adulation, in homage to the man who, not many winters since, was pro-

claimed far and wide a charlatan. Lucky Monsieur Jullien—wise Monsieur Jullien!

Think not, reader, that we are going to abuse the man of Polkas—by no means, we revere him as a type, we admire him as a philosopher. Without being able to play or compose better than ninety-nine in the hundred of ordinary players and composers, he has managed, by a subtlety worthy of Hermogenes, to get the most money and the widest fame of any player or composer in the vast empire which he enlivens by his sojourn. Such triumphant proof of world-lore and knowledge of humanity cannot be passed over lightly. Everybody tells you that Jullien does not know a note of music—but what then?—he can twang the chord, which moves the popular heart by its vibration—and manages to derive twenty times more profit from his ignorance than most other artists from their erudition. Had he lived in the time of Homer, the great bard of Samos would surely have preferred him to Ulysses, for the hero of his *Odyssey*—though whether Calypso could have managed to beguile him as she beguiled the son of Ithacus from his path, is a matter of considerable doubt—we are decidedly of opinion that she could not. Fortune, in the person of Penelope, would have waited his return, in lone constancy, bestowing her favors on no other man—and, true to Fortune, thinking only of Fortune, Monsieur Jullien would have snapped his fingers at Calypso. No need, moreover, to have bound him to the mast—for what syren could distract him from his duty—of getting money?

Another sign of the times has been carefully watched by Monsieur Jullien. No one so well appreciates the potency of brass. He has sifted its physiology to the bottom—and has employed it to admirable purpose. He designed the sketch of his career in Paris, in the year 1839—*et ÆRE INCIDIT Londini*, 1844.

And with all this, Jullien is an amusing personage, with whom you may not quarrel, and whom, you cannot, with dignity, abuse. He comes to you, with good humor shining gloriously over the surface of his seemly breadth of physiognomy, and, in half an hour, makes you believe that you are the particular individual whose applause he most covets and whose aid he most desires. What can you say to a man who approaches you thus—with earnest protestations and cordial and frequent grasps of the hand? What can you say to a man who tells you roundly that his genius—like that of the unworldly Beethoven—will only be appreciated when his soul has flown back to the spheres and his body is food for worms—he, the man of Polkas, who thrives apace and lives upon the fat of the land? We could have hugged him for one thing he related to us. He was writing a descriptive symphony, to be called *The Wandering Jew*, which was to be executed by a thousand instruments (chiefly brass) and twice as many voices. He had composed the first movement—but the second puzzled him. One night, in bed—at his suburban residence—a night of hail, and wind, and lightning which knelled its flight in thunder—Monsieur

Jullien could not sleep. He turned and turned again, but could not sleep. His unfinished *andante* tormented him incessantly. The whole movement was to be scored for one *viola*, a trumpet, and a drum. At last, a notion of the complete outline flashed across him like inspiration. Unable to contain his ardour, he leaped from his bed, rushed to the window, threw it open—without a moment's hesitation (he slept on the ground floor) jumped out into the garden, and in a fit of mingled enthusiasm and frenzy—defiant of the anger of the storm, pitiless in its peltings—careless of scant covering, (night-robe, night-cap, and no slippers)—intent only on the light which had just broken in upon him—he paced to and fro for the duration of an hour, wounding his bare feet on the sharp stones and gravel, and mangling his countenance with unexpected tree-branches—until he had achieved the movement to his thorough satisfaction—after which he climbed back into his bed-room, buried himself in the blankets, and slept the sleep of seraphs. The next morning he wrote out the score—called for his *viola*, his trumpet, and his drum—tried the movement, and pronounced it worthy of Beethoven.

After this, was it in human nature to speak or think unkindly of the narrator?

Monsieur Jullien, you are a philosopher if not a musician—you know the foibles of humanity if you know not your musical grammar. We shall never quarrel with you.

J. W. D.

PHILHARMONIC.—THE CRISIS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The disorders of this society have at length reached what physicians term the crisis—the point from which diverge the two paths, one to recovery, the other to death. It is impossible to look with indifference on the threatened fate of an institution, which has for more than a quarter of a century stood so proudly pre-eminent in musical Europe. The coming season must decide whether the Philharmonic is to retain its station, or to become a mockery of its former self, and a bye-word for a sorry jest. If M. Costa's appointment take effect in the way intended, then adieu to the fame of the Philharmonic. If, on the contrary, the society should be found to possess energy enough in itself or its supporters to disperse the cloud lowering on its destinies, then woe to the party which has so long, leech-like, bestridden the society, and been sucking its life blood. Meantime, M. Costa will serve as an admirable touchstone to the strength of the two parties, as a gage of battle between them, or, if you will, an *experimentum crucis* to determine the future course of the society's affairs. We should be glad to know the originators of this measure. We have not the names of the present committee; but let the readers take the following lists from the *Musical Examiner* of July, 1843, when the directors for last year were appointed. The first comprises the names of the committee as it should have been—the last as it was. In the former we have Messrs. Potter, Moscheles, Anderson, Loder, Lucas, Macfarren, Sterndale Bennett. Does any one believe that such a mission as M. Costa's mission could ever have issued from a committee so composed—but

what follows? The subjoined were the real directors:—Sir Henry Bishop, Messrs. T. Cooke, Anderson, Lucas, Calkin, Howell, Griffin. There, reader! now say, if what was just now as hard of belief as the Athanasian Creed, has not at once become as easy of credence as light and darkness. It is, we believe, an admitted fact, that there is not one of the young native writers that have risen into notice within the last fifteen years, that has not had reason to complain either of the total denial, or tardy acknowledgment of his claims, by the Philharmonic. These gentlemen have now an opportunity of at once doing themselves justice, and saving the society. If they are out-voted by the members and committee, there is yet good battle ground in the room, where, we are very much mistaken, if they will not have a large majority. We repeat that the appointment of M. Costa can avail nothing unless it is followed by a change in the character of the selections. To disgust one party without conciliating the other is an act of *bona fide* dotardism. No!—let those who would not see the Philharmonic despoiled of its laurels, and dragged at the car of fashion amidst the insolent sneers and laughter of its patrons, bestir themselves.

J. G.

[Being friendly to the courteous and unrestrained discussion of all subjects interesting to the musical profession, we have inserted the above—without, however, pledging ourselves to any of the opinions broached by our correspondent.—ED. M. W.]

Music in the Monasteries.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D. F.S.A.



(A Monk transcribing a musical MS.)

To entertain an adequate idea of the monastic life in this country, during the three centuries preceding the reformation, it is in some measure necessary that we should guard against the reports that were raised to justify that event. The assertions that the monasteries and abbeys were the retreats of sloth and ignorance must appear very improbable to those who are acquainted with the state of learning at the period now spoken of. It is not only certain that all that was to be known in those days of inevitable ignorance was known to the monks, but it was part of the regimen of every religious house to assign to the brethren employments suitable to their several abilities; and while some were employed in offices respecting the economy of the house, and the improvement and expenditure of its revenues, some in manual occupations, such as binding books and making garments; others were treading the mazes of logic, multiplying the glosses on the civil and enlarging the pale of the canon law, or refining on the scholastic subtilties of Peter Lombard, Aquinas, and Scotus. Another class of these engaged in literary pursuits were such whose abilities qualified them to become authors in form, and these were taken up in the composition of tracts on

various subjects, as their several inclinations led them. But the great source of employment in which the "monk of old" delighted at all times to exercise his skill was in the transcribing and illuminating of Missals, Antiphonaries, Graduals, and other collections of offices used in the service of the church. The number of books necessary for the performance of divine worship was considerable. By the provincial constitutions of Archbishop Winchelsey, made at Merton, A. D. 1305, it is required that in every church throughout the province of Canterbury there should be found a Legend, an Antiphony, a Grail or Gradual, a Psalter, a Troper, an Ordinal, a Missal, and a Manual. And as there are but three dioceses in this kingdom which are not in the province of Canterbury, this law was obligatory upon almost the whole of the realm:—as to the religious houses, they can hardly be supposed to have stood in need of any injunction of this sort.

The writing of service-books appears to have been a constant as well as a lucrative employment. Sir Henry Spelman (*Glossary in v. Antiphonarium*) says that, in the year 1424, two Antiphonaries cost the little monastery of Crabhuse, in Norfolk, twenty-six marks; which, he adds, was equal to fifty-two pounds, according to the value of money in his age. And Johnson (*Ecclesiastical Latin*) says the common price of a mass-book was five marks, "the vicar's yearly revenue."

In order to understand fully the nature of the monastic service, it will be necessary to explain the different uses of the various books above alluded to. A Legend, or Lectionary, contained all the lessons, whether out of the scriptures or other books that were directed to be read in the course of the year. The Antiphony contained all the invitiories, responsories, collects, and whatever else was said or sung in the choir. In the Grail, or Gradual, was contained all that was sung by the choir at high mass, as, namely, the tracts, sequences, hallelujahs, the creed, offertory, and Trisagium; as also the office for sprinkling the holy water. Among the furniture given to the chapel of Trinity College, Oxford, by the founder, mention is made of "four grayles of parchment, lymed with gold." The Troper contained the sequences, which were devotions used after the epistle. An interesting specimen of the twelfth century is preserved in the Bodleian Library (*Bibl. Bodl.*, No. 2558). It is noted by small points (without lines) placed over the words, and proves that the ancient method of notation was retained nearly a century after the time of Guido Arctinus. The Ordinal contained directions for the performance of the divine offices, and is conjectured to be the same with the *Prye*, which the preface to Queen Elizabeth's liturgy mentions as being very intricate "and difficult to turn." The Missal was the whole Mass-book used by the priests; and the Manual was the ritual containing the rites, directions to the priests, and prayers used in the administration of baptism and other sacraments, the blessing of holy water, and the whole service used in processions.

Different orders were bound to the observance of different canonical constitutions; however, the rule of the ancient Benedictines, with some small variations, prevailed through most monasteries. The Benedictines were ordered to "praise God seven times a day." The first office was called Mattins, from the French word, *matin*, the morning. To this the monks were summoned by a bell that rung at midnight in some monasteries; in others, where discipline was less rigid, at about five or six o'clock. The next in order was called *Prime*, from its being originally performed at the first hour, or six o'clock; to this succeeded *Tierce*, at the third hour, nine o'clock; then *Sexte*, or the sixth hour, twelve o'clock; after which came *None*, at the ninth hour, or three o'clock in the afternoon. *Vespers* were sung in the evening, which the Latin word *vesper* implies; and *Complin* (so called from *completory*, the completion of the service) concluded the services of the day.

The music of these ancient offices chiefly consisted of canto fermo, or plain song, except on particular festivals when vocal counterpoint was allowed. When any monk, from neglect or inadvertency, "was out of tune," he was excluded from table by way of punishment. After *Complin* the monks were never allowed to communicate with each other, except by signs. The concluding words of the psalmist, in the *Complin* service, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips," was always kept to the very letter.

With respect to monastic and conventual churches, we meet with few express foundations of canons, minor canons, and choristers; from which circumstance it is obvious that the choral duty in each of these was performed by members of their own body, and by children educated by themselves. The chief direction of the choral music rested with the precentor, or the chanter, as he is sometimes called, who not only presided over the singing monks, organist, and choristers, but generally "repaired the organ" and kept the "singing books." He had also the custody of the seal and the *liber diurnalis*, or chapter-book, and provided parchment and ink for the writers, and colours for the limners. The almoner, who had the direction of the alms distributed daily at the gate, was generally the musical instructor of the choristers. In fact, every officer connected with the religious houses of ancient times, from the

"Mitred Abbott" and the "Lord Prior" down to the humble "Cellarius," or keeper of the cellar, was, more or less, "learned in music."

St. Bernard, who lived in the twelfth century, has left us some curious verses descriptive of the choral service, and the manner of singing the various offices in his time. They are divided into three parts: the first is an exhortation to the Precentor to govern the choir with resolution, and to encourage those who sing to sing the Cantus audibly, not wantonly, with a clear round voice. The second part, entitled *Detestatis contra perverse Psallentis*, is an execration on such as in their singing corrupt the psalms and other offices. And it seems by the context that the performance of the choral service was not confined to the clerks and officers of the choir, but that a "lewd rabble" of lay-singers bore a part in it, and were the authors of the abuses complained of. These men are distinguished by the strange appellations of Janglers, Japers, Nappers, Galpers, Dralbers, Momlers, Forskippers, Ourenners, and Ourhippers; for the signification of which terms, St. Bernard, the author, refers to a writer named Suttivillus; but, as his work is not now to be found, their explanation must be left to conjecture. The third division of these verses is entitled *De septem Misteriis, septem Horarum canonicarum*, and gives directions to singers to cross themselves and perform other superstitious acts at the canonical hours.

The introduction of the organ into the monastic service may be dated back as far as the seventh century; and although at first it was sparingly used (probably only to give the pitch to the singers), in the time of Guido it was adopted as a general accompaniment to the hymns, antiphons, and the rest of the church offices. In the tenth century, Ælfheah, commonly called Elphegus, bishop of Winchester, presented the monks of that city with an organ far surpassing, in magnitude and perfection, any instrument of the time. Wulstan, a learned monk of that body, has left us a particular description of the "Organe of Winchester," in a long poem dedicated to his worthy bishop, from which we learn that the instrument had a compass of about three and a half octaves, and was provided with a register of ten stops. The description of this organ has been woefully misunderstood by modern writers, owing to their not having consulted the original, which is printed *entire* in the "Acts of the Order of St. Benedict." The supposition that the organ required the united efforts of seventy stout bellows-blowers is most absurd. The brethren of Winchester were a rich body, and would have many servants; and it may not be unreasonable to suppose that the seventy spoken of in the poem included *all who might be employed at any time* to blow the organ-bellows, which we need not consider as the general every-day business of any, but simply suppose that among the numerous dependants of this religious society there were seventy persons who were occasionally employed as organ-blowers, though it is by no means necessary to believe that the labour of all the seventy was called in every time the performance of divine service required the voice of the "noble organe."

The organ was not, however, the only instrument used by the monks in divine service: our ancestors, like the royal prophet musician of Israel, delighted in the service of the church, and to its adornment devoted the whole powers of their orchestra. "When," says Wulstan, "the choral brethren unite, each chaunts your prayer by the peculiar art whereof he is master, the sound of instruments of pulsation is mixed with the sharp voices of reedes, and by various apparatus the concert proceeds sweetly." From this we are justified in inferring that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers scrupled not to employ in the service of the church all the orchestral resources whereof they were master.

The writings of the monks during the middle ages were as various as they were learned, and, although we have to deplore the destruction of the monastic libraries at the Reformation, we are still in possession of much that is highly valuable and instructive to the modern student in the numerous branches of the arts and sciences. Among those who devoted their time to music may be named Walter Odingtonns, a monk of the abbey of Evesham, and the author of a treatise *De Speculationes Musices*. Stephens, the translator of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, gives us the following account of him—"Walter, monk of Evesham, a man of facetious wit, who, applying himself to literature, lest he should sink under the labour of the day, the watching at night, and continual observance of regular discipline, used at spare hours to divert himself with the decent and commendable diversion of musick, to render himself the more cheerful for other duties."

Gregory, of Bridlington, a canon of the order of St. Augustine, and precentor of his monastery at Bridlington, wrote, about the year 1211, a valuable treatise *De Arte Musices*. He is mentioned in Tanner's *Bibliotheca* as a man of great learning and abilities. John Wyld, the precentor of the monastery of the Holy Cross at Waltham, in Essex, has left us his *Musican Guidonis*; which, although frequently taken for the work of Guido himself, is an original work, grounded on the precepts contained in the *Micrologus*. The monastery of Waltham Holy Cross was one of the richest in the kingdom, and in truth was nothing less than a mitred abbey, possessed of great privileges and an extensive jurisdic-

tion in the neighbouring counties. It was celebrated for its musical service. Numerous were the range of learned monks whose names might be brought forward as contributors to the history and practice of music, but we shall content ourselves with one more—the learned and facetious John Dygon, prior of St. Austin's, in Canterbury. Dygon was deeply skilled in music and was the author of a number of fine canons preserved in the Oxford Music-School. In 1497 he was raised to the dignity of abbot. The earliest specimen of a secular song, written by an ecclesiastic, is the following. It is copied from a single leaf of parchment in the writer's possession, with the melody in lozenge-shaped notes, upon a staff of four lines, and subscribed "finis quod John Dygone, Prior of Canterbury."

"Joan, quoth John, when wilt this be?
Tell me when wilt thou marrie me,
My corne, and eke my calfe and rents,
My lands, and all my tenements?
Said Joan, said John, what wilt thou doe?
I cannot come everie daie to woe."

It is much to be regretted that we have so few remains of the early secular music of England; but it is evident, from the specimens that have been preserved, that a much greater feeling for melody existed in this country during the middle ages than has hitherto been supposed. The songs which the "monks of old" were wont to solace themselves with in their hours of relaxation must have been numerous; but, in spite of their being "engrossed upon faire white parchmente," and deposited in the "Scriptorium," we now only know that such things were, and lament that they no longer exist to "edify our understanding" or satisfy our "craving curiosity."

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. V.

ON THE ART OF APPEARING MUSICAL.

I recollect once, during a short tour with a friend in the country, we had entirely missed our way, and wishing to regain the high road through some private fields, we addressed ourselves to a benevolent-looking farmer, who was leaning over the padlocked gate, and requested that he would allow us to pass over his property. He immediately consented, and, whilst he was preceding us, with the key in his hand, my friend was so struck by his civility, that he suddenly felt an intense anxiety to compliment him upon the appearance of his land. After hesitating for some time as to the mode in which he should shape his observation, he ventured to remark that he was exceedingly glad to see so good a crop of turnips. The farmer stopped, and looking him in the face, "Yes, sir," he said, "we've been blessed with as fine a season as any man could wish for, and we're all grateful for it I hope—but (he added, with a bland smile, and pointing towards the crop alluded to) those, sir, are *beans*!"

The above little anecdote may appear trivial, and meaningless to some; but let me entreat all such to suspend their judgment until they have heard the moral.

There is a certain class of persons in the world who, wishing on all occasions to display the exact amount of knowledge they may happen to possess, are so often tempted to soar a little beyond it that they are perpetually betraying their ignorance; whilst their more prudent, but equally shallow, neighbors, by assuming an air of profound wisdom, and keeping within the bounds of discretion, very often pass for exceedingly intelligent and shrewd observers. Had my friend, then, in his remark to the farmer, judiciously confined himself to generalities and simply observed that "vegetation appeared flourishing," or that "the crops looked healthy"—he might have been regarded as a person with a decided taste for agricultural pursuits, and somewhat versed in the rudiments—but his unfortunate mistake had ruined all—the farmer eyed him with gentle contempt, and he left the field a lamentable instance of the danger of appearing too learned.

Although it is obvious that the above moral will apply to all persons who thus recklessly risk a guess upon subjects of which they know nothing, it is more particularly to the would-be musical portion of the public that I now address myself. When we reflect upon the exceedingly small amount of knowledge which is necessary to maintain a character for extreme profundity, it is painful to think that those persons who have not the will or the inclination to devote their time to

being musical, should not direct their energies to the best, or at least the safest mode of appearing so. Although, however, the art of appearing musical is so constantly practised in the present day, so superficially is it studied, that we are daily and hourly compelled to see the patronising pedant transformed, simply by his own incompetency, into the ignorant tyro.

As, however, a few instances may perhaps serve to enforce this fact more fully than any observations I can offer, I will endeavor to jot down a few which have occurred within my own experience.

Richard Clayton was a gentleman with a decided turn for music. He spoke little, indeed, on the subject; but he looked wise, shook his head, and was thought to be a judge. Young ladies were nervous in playing before him; and his *bravo* and *brava* (with their corresponding plurals) were always uttered in a tone of gentle encouragement. He was supposed to be a thorough musician, but not pedantic enough to intrude his scientific knowledge in general society.

Upon this easily-earned reputation he had contrived to exist very comfortably for some time; and might have existed much longer had he not, in an unguarded moment, been tempted to a display which, alas, proved fatal.

We had met to celebrate a birthday; and, after a cheerful little dinner party, had adjourned to the drawing-room for a musical evening. My friend Clayton had taken a little wine, and, becoming somewhat excited, commenced an animated conversation upon the beauties of Haydn's Creation. As he dwelt particularly upon one astounding effect in the chorus of the "Heavens are telling," we ventured to enquire in what portion it was to be found, when he fearlessly declared that it was in that part where it "went down amongst the flats." Having thus broken the ice, he gained confidence, and, in the course of the conversation, declared that he preferred diatonic keys to chromatic ones, because they were sharper. He then rushed headlong into a confused mass of formidable terms; and, when a vocal duet was kindly volunteered by two of the guests, he particularly requested that the whole of the company would "join in the bass."

He often shook his head and looked wise afterwards, but that one evening had sealed his fate for ever. He has now, I am informed, glided almost imperceptibly into an unpretending amateur, and has lately taken lessons on the cornet à piston.

The second case was that of a gentleman who, upon one solitary piece of information, had obtained a very tolerable character for music in general. The first time I met him was at a small party where a number of professors were present. In the course of the evening the conversation happened to turn upon the melodies of the back woods of North America, when this gentleman, who had hitherto sat perfectly silent, rose from his chair, bustled up to the group, and, addressing himself to the person who had just spoken, said "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you aware of any great peculiarity about those 'nigger melodies'?"

"Why, sir," said the professor, "there is something exceedingly odd and, I may say, extremely characteristic about them—but—"

"No doubt—" interrupted he, "no doubt; but can you tell me the great peculiarity of them?"

"Why really," returned the other, "at this moment I cannot call to mind any very decided and marked character by which to distinguish them."

"Very good," said the gentleman, looking round at the company and rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction; "very good, indeed; I can. The peculiarity of them is, sir, that they almost invariably modulate into the subdominant."

Every body was astonished. Such learning to come from a man who regularly attended his counting-house from ten to five. He must have smuggled theoretical works into his office, and studied hard in the intervals of stock-jobbing. From that moment he became an authority; but his reign was brief. One evening, when he had delivered himself of his favorite fact (for which purpose he had dexterously turned the conversation towards the back woods of America), it unfortunately happened that a lady enquired what he meant by the subdominant. He evaded the question as long as he could, but the lady was inflexible, and he was at length compelled to acknowledge that he "couldn't exactly tell."

The truth was now apparent to all, and his downfall was sudden and complete. He was not lifted from the pedestal on which he stood gradually, but came down with a crash—a terrible warning to those ambitious individuals who thus risk exposure for the sake of a temporary notoriety.

It will be useless to multiply these examples: every body acknowledges the evil, and it is a well known fact that many discreet persons, who now pass for musical judges, are continually made to tremble for their own credit by the mistakes of their incautious brethren, which have too evident a tendency to expose the hollowness of their common pretensions. To ensure safety to all, therefore, I would advise that a code of rules should be drawn up, to which every one who practises the art of appearing musical should be required to subscribe. It might even be

advantageous to adopt something like a masonic sign for the purpose of recognition. By these means a person would not only studiously avoid committing himself, but would charitably assist and support his brother in the hour of need, and a mutual understanding might thus be established throughout society.

These observations are, of course, only thrown out as hints; and it is possible that not one of them may be deemed worthy of adoption. Of this, however, I am certain that, if something be not done, the time will soon arrive when the art I speak of will fall into contempt, and musical critics will be compelled to study music in their own defence.

CHAPPELL V. PURDAY.

This case raised the question whether an Englishman, the assignee of a literary work from a foreigner residing abroad, can have a copyright by the laws of England. M. Auber composed the opera of *Fra Diavolo* at Paris in 1829. Jan. 12, 1830, he assigned his right to M. Troupenas, who afterwards assigned it to the plaintiff. It was first acted at Paris, Jan. 28, 1830. It was entered at Stationers'-hall, Feb. 9, 1830, and issued and printed in France, Feb. 1830. Mr. Martin, Queen's Counsel, Mr. Serjeant Byles, and Mr. R. James, for plaintiff, contended, that by the common law of England, authors of literary works had a perpetual copyright in England, and that it was immaterial whether Englishmen or foreigners; that if the right was not so extensive, still the foreigner, by the publication of his work, had a right to the extent given by the Copyright Acts, and cited "Bach v. Longman," Cowper's Reports, 623; "D'Almaine v. Boosey," 1 Y and C Reports, 288; and "Deloude v. Shaw," 2, Simons's Reports, 237. Mr. Jervis, Queen's Counsel, Mr. Godson, Queen's Counsel, and Mr. Crompton, for defendant, contended that the common law of England being a municipal law, could only give rights to Englishmen, or to foreigners residing in the kingdom; and they put the instance of a foreigner, who having no copyright in his own country, might claim a copyright in England more extensive than that given to natives, and cited "Guichard v. Mori," *Law Journal*, Ch. Rep. 226; "Page v. Townsend," 5, Simons's Reports, 395; "Clementi v. Walker," 2, Barn and Cress. Reports, 861; and Bentley v. Foster," 10, Simons's Reports, 329. The Chief Baron said that the arguments of the plaintiff attempted to establish not only that a foreigner has all the common law rights of a British subject, but that the judges are bound to take notice of those rights. It was a very important question, and must be fully considered. They would deliver their judgment another time.

Original Correspondence.

No. I.

A QUESTION OF NOTATION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

London, January 20, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—The "Musical World" of Thursday last contains a letter signed "An Enquiring Subscriber," who wishes to be informed, whether, in the Enharmonic scale, the intervals should be written thus—F, F sharp, G flat, G; or thus—F, G flat, F sharp, G. Your own answer to that question appears sufficient and conclusive; but as you add "We shall be glad of any communication on the subject"—I do myself the pleasure of forwarding a few extracts. It is evident that the example given cannot be correctly written F, G flat, F sharp, G; for as, in ascending, G flat is a diatonic semitone from F, whilst F sharp is but a chromatic semitone; to place the former before the latter is as unreasonable as to put the cart before the horse. Doubt on this subject, if any can exist, must arise from the construction of keyed instruments, which, giving but one sound for two intervals that differ essentially in composition, are incompetent to render correctly the Enharmonic scale. The present system of notation is also inadequate for its expression, but if the subject be viewed mathematically, all doubt ceases. Euclid says—"The tone is supposed to be divided into twelve very small parts, each of which is called the twelfth part of a tone, and by the same method as the tone the other intervals are divided; viz.—a semitone into six of those twelve parts, the quadrant diesis into three parts, and the triental into four. Therefore, the enharmonic will be sung by the magnitude of three of these twelve parts." This is rendered more simple in Keeble's Treatise on Harmonics, by plates and examples. Dr. Calcott says—"The Enharmonic scale contains intervals smaller than the semitone, which although not exactly half the semitone, are

from their near approach to that quantity, called the Diesis, or quarter tone. To form this interval it is necessary that, of any two notes which are distant by the tone, the *highest* should be *depressed*, and the *lowest elevated*, by the chromatic semitone. Thus if G sharp be taken instead of G, and A flat instead of A, the difference between these extremes of the two chromatic semitones, will form the Enharmonic Diesis, or quarter tone." Kollmann, in writing of the Enharmonic scale, places the sharp before the flat, in ascending, as F sharp, G flat, &c. (see Chap I. plate I. No. 10.) and I cannot imagine it reasonable to write it in any other manner. In a clever work called "Lucidus Ordo," the author, treating of the three genera of scales, says, "The Enharmonic species is to be regarded as that, with the original nature and effects of which we are the least acquainted of the three genera. This minute degree of sound is, in its modern acceptation, a quarter tone, a quality which our keyed instruments are incapable of expressing; yet a just sensation of its effects impresses the mind of every experienced musician. While in silent imagination he passes through it, his ear realizes that delicate medium which his more defective instrument is incapable of expressing." As these authorities are conclusive, it is useless multiplying examples, or I could quote numerous other authors on the subject; but as your space is valuable I conclude, apologizing for remarks on a subject so generally understood, but which were called for by "An Enquiring Subscriber's" letter.

I am, dear Sir,

Respectfully yours,

MUSICA.

P. S.—I abstain from making any observation on Mr. G. F. Flowers' last letter, as that gentleman expresses his intention of writing fully at a future time; but, I would assure him that if any example is requisite of "the difficulty of avoiding the quicksands of sophistry," his own letter affords a very forcible one.

No. II.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

January 21, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you invite your readers to communicate on the subject, I shall, without further apology, proceed to lay before you the facts which induce me to consider G flat to be a *lower* note than F sharp. If we commence tuning a pianoforte at C, and proceed by *ascending* perfect fifths, we arrive at F sharp thus; C, G, D, A, G, B, F sharp; and if we commence at C, and proceed by *descending* perfect fifths, we arrive at G flat thus; C, F, B flat, E flat, A flat, D flat, G flat: but when we arrive at the G flat we find that the note which was tuned to F sharp must be made lower to become G flat; from which it follows that F sharp must be sharper than G flat, or that what we call perfect fifths are *not* perfect. Again, if G flat be a sharper note than F sharp, the fifths on a pianoforte tuned to the equal temperament must be *greater* than perfect, the reverse of which is acknowledged to be the case: for if from B to F sharp be a perfect fifth, but from B to the note on the pianoforte which is in reality between F sharp and G flat be less than a perfect fifth (which you will allow, is the fact) then the interval between B and G flat must be *still less*: in other words G flat must be *flatter* than the note on the pianoforte, which is *too flat* for F sharp.

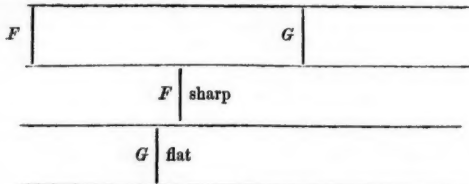
I am, my dear Sir,

Your most humble servant, O.

No. III.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In answer to "An Enquiring Subscriber" of last week, respecting the correct Enharmonic notation of F, F sharp, G flat, G; or F, G flat, F sharp, G—I beg to acquaint you that the former position is the correct one in accordance with your opinion;—you will find it proved by that useful invention of Mr. Higgs', I think called the Monochord, which thus displays it—



Your's truly,

BEHIND THE SCENES.

LICHFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—With great pleasure I find a Choral Society has been formed in our ancient city, where music maintains its high character, though recently it has been neglected, by the non-professionals of the city and its vicinity. It is most gratifying to observe such a society satisfactorily progressing, consisting as it does entirely of amateurs. They give their second concert on Thursday evening next, and from the character of the first performance, which took place in October last, and was attended by most of the families of distinction in the neighbourhood, a rich treat may be anticipated. I think, Mr. Editor, you will not require any apology from me for troubling you with a sketch of the proceedings of a society established for the promotion of an art which tends, in so great a degree, to elevate the moral and intellectual character of society. If you think this worthy notice in your valuable and widely circulated journal, you will, by its insertion confirm a favor on

Your most obedient Servant and Subscriber,

H. MATHEWS.

THE ORGAN OF YORK MINSTER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

York, January 21, 1845.

SIR,—Having been favoured by a friend with a copy of your valuable journal for August 22, 1844, in which is a somewhat ill-natured attack upon our little pamphlet respecting the Organ of York Minster, we must beg the favour (if you should not think it now out of place) to set the public right with regard to the statements therein made. Excepting the latter part of our pamphlet (those pages which treat of the organ as it now is, and which Dr. Camidge kindly favoured us with), the critiques on the comparative merits of the Birmingham organ and the powers of the York instrument, were furnished to the periodical press, (some of them seven or eight years ago) by gentlemen whom we know possessed considerable musical science and judgment; and who therefore may be depended upon as having really furnished an accurate opinion. We may remark, in addition, that some of the expressions, which appeared, at this distance of time, to be stronger than good feeling warranted, in speaking of the Birmingham organ, were *erased* or *softened down*, in order to avoid raising the jealousy and consequent acrimony of the people of Birmingham, who certainly, in this matter, appear to possess a share of the spirit which animated the worshippers at the celebrated temple of Ephesus; and perhaps we should not be wide of the mark, were we to guess that the locality where "A COUNTRY ORGANIST" resides is overshadowed by a Birmingham atmosphere. We are glad, however, of the opportunity of informing that writer, as well as your readers, that the want of greater brilliancy or clearness, complained of by him, in the York organ (and of which no one has been more sensible than Dr. Camidge) has very lately been most *completely removed* by a very simple, though almost chance discovery. This important improvement, we hope, will be as *satisfactory* to the above correspondent as it has been to the numerous auditors who have listened during the Christmas and Sunday service at our cathedral.

We have the honour to be, Sir, Your's most respectfully,

ALLERSTON AND PICKWELL.

FOREIGN V. NATIVE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Jan. 25th, 1845.

SIR, From your known advocacy of the rights of British musicians and performers, will you allow me to enquire, was there not to be found a leader of a band in London, capable of directing the music, if such stuff deserves the appellation, in connexion with the French plays about to be performed at the St. James's Theatre, without importing a foreigner for that purpose. Surely the proprietor ought to have had patriotism enough, after the treatment he has lately received from the French managers and people, to encourage his own countrymen, more especially as the business could just as well have been performed, without the least prejudice to the French plays, by an Englishman. Mr. Mitchell did not, when he visited Paris, lately, with an English company, bring an English leader with him, and surely if he covets the good will and patronage of the British public, it is not by succumbing to a people that are anything but friendly to Englishmen. Shoals of foreign artists of every denomination migrate here, season after season, to the detriment of our native talent, but an Englishman may repair to Paris, and, no matter how clever he may be, he has but little respect shewn him. Such things should open the eyes of the English public. I remain, sir,

Your's respectfully, W. G.

[Has our correspondent heard of an English composer named Balfe?—Ed. M. W.]

Provincial Intelligence.

LIVERPOOL.—The last Philharmonic Concert for the season presented the following programme:—

PART FIRST.	
Overture.....	"Masaniello"..... Auber.
Glee.... "When winds breathe soft" Miss A. Williams, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Bradbury, and Mr. Machin.....	Webbe.
Madrigal.... "All creatures now are merry minded".....	Bennet, 1508.
Duetto.... "La più pura"..... Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams.....	Gabussi.
Song.... "Jessonda"—"By tales of war" Mr. Machin.....	Spohr.
Caprice, (E Major)—Pianoforte—Mr. William Sterndale Bennett.....	W. Sterndale Bennett.
Song.... "Tempest"—"Full fathom Five" Miss M. B. Hawes.....	Smith.
Glee.... "O bird of eve!"..... Miss A. Williams, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Bradbury, and Mr. Machin.....	Lord Mornington.
Song.... "O beauteous daughter of the stary race".....	Beethoven.
Mr. Hobbs.....	
Lutzw's Wild Hunt.... "What glances so bright in the morning sun"—(from the German).....	C. M. Von Weber.
PART SECOND.	
Overture, MS.... "Marie du Bois"—(conducted by the composer.).....	W. Sterndale Bennett.
Glee.... "With sighs, sweet rose," Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Bradbury, and Mr. Machin.....	Callcott.
Duetto.... "Serbami ognor si fido"—Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams.....	Rossini.
Chorus of Maidens..... "Maid of Artois".....	Balfe.
Song.... "Tom Starboard"..... Miss M. B. Hawes.....	Mazzinghi.
Second Concerto in D Minor—Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett.....	Mendelssohn.
Duet.... "Two merry gipsies are we"—Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams.....	G. A. Macfarren.
Song.... "The harp is now silent," Mr. Machin.....	Kucken.
Glee.... "Come see what pleasures in our plains abound"—Miss A. Williams, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Bradbury, and Mr. Machin.....	Elliot.
"God Save the Queen"—soli parts—Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Machin.....	

This, the concluding concert of the year, must have left a favourable impression upon the audience. In addition to the vocalists engaged, the committee secured the services of Mr. William Sterndale Bennett, a gentleman who, though young, has earned for himself, in London, and on the continent, a high reputation as a pianist and composer. On the present evening he performed the two last movements of Mendelssohn's concerto in D, and a Caprice of his own, both with orchestral accompaniments. His style is rather that of Mendelssohn, than of Thalberg or Liszt, and evinces great power of execution and a sustained and flowing manner. His overture is severe in style, displaying great contrapuntal knowledge, and a perfect command of the various instruments of the orchestra: his conducting was most spirited and good, and the execution of the band excellent. The overture to *Masaniello* was played with spirit and precision. Among the successful vocal performances were those of the Misses Williams; their duet singing is perfect. Miss Hawes's was also excellent. Messrs. Machin and Hobbs were received as old favourites. Mr. Bradbury sang only in glees. The committee, with a desire of not having a majority of the audience disturbed, have adopted the plan of having, near the conclusion, an interval of five minutes, during which time those of the company who do not wish to await the termination are requested to take their departure. Could not something of the same kind be done with the male choristers, to prevent their leaving the orchestra during the performance? The Committee, we are sure, will do this; in the mean time, we wish the Society a prosperous new year.—*Liverpool Mail*.

CHELtenham.—Mr. Alban Croft's last subscription concert for the season, on Friday, attracted a tolerably numerous audience. The concert opened with Mozart, and concluded with Rossini—the interval being filled with vocal and instrumental pieces by Rooke, Cianchettini, Beethoven, Perry, Cimarosa, Nicholson, Guglielmi, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft, in the vocal, and Messrs. Cianchettini, Uglov, and Royal, in the instrumental department, won the applause of the audience. Mr. J. Halford's performances contributed not a little to the amusement of the audience. Jullien is expected here daily, with his admirable promenade band.—(*Cheltenham Chronicle*.)

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The Distin Family gave a concert, at the Music Hall, on Monday evening, to a select audience. The Sax horns seem to be peculiarly adapted to the genius of the performers. The solo on the trumpet by the elder Distin, was like the solo on the French horn by the eldest son. The songs of Miss Spence and Mr. Ferring were very agreeable, and gave variety to the evening's entertainment. The Distins gave another concert on Tuesday evening, with the same success, to which Messrs. Hayward and Hay added their valuable assistance.

Foreign Intelligence.

PARIS, Jan. 20, 1845.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)

—There has not been much novelty since I wrote you last. The difference between the manager of the *Italiens* and M. Felicien David having been adjusted by law in favor of M. Vatel, and in disfavor of "the man who has composed a symphony," we are to have "*Le Desert*," and a few other compositions by the same author, on Thursday. The receipts of the last concert were 14000 francs (about £550 sterling). Now, however, a certain M. Colin, who it appears wrote the ode to which the inspirations of M. David are tied, writes to the papers and threatens to apply to a legal tribunal for information whether M. Vatel has the right to receive 14000 francs by the attraction of the ode-symphony, without remunerating the ode-author. M. Colin is astonished that the public in the heat of their zeal for M. David should have neglected to bestow any notice upon him. The symphony, to satisfy this hungry poet, should be announced in the bills thus:—

ODE-SYMPHONIE par COLIN-DAVID.

For my part, I consider the ode as good as the symphony, any day in the year. There is nothing talked of now but M. David and his *Desert*. Lives, portraits, caricatures, 14000 francs, law-suits, and what not, fly about his ears like swarms of musquitoes. Of course you will have the *Desert* in London, next season. After the composer I know no one more fitted to conduct it than Michael Costa—so like is it to the modern Italian operas, with their endless eight-bar phrases. The critics on the press are beginning to find a mouse come out of all this hubbub. The French are easier humbugged than any nation on the globe, and the result will soon be seen whether M. David be what his friends say—or what I suspect myself, something by no means extraordinary. Take my word for it, he is not a *lusus naturæ*. Some songs and pianoforte pieces by him about swallows, reveries, neglectings, thinkings, Bedouins and Chybouks, are just now all the vogue; and a song called *Chant du Muezzin*—which is remarkable for an employment of the enharmonic scale, and raises up in the fancy vivid ideas of caterwaulings, or nocturnal love-makings of the feline tribe—is as popular as ever was "Jim Crow." This is the great feature of *Le Desert*, and so delighted some Arab chiefs who were present at the first performance, that they set up a howl in chorus, and the effect was prodigiously oriental. I am translating a life of David for you, with which, however, I beg leave to disclaim any kind of sympathy—I merely send it you as a matter of immediate interest; the inflated eulogies it contains are absolutely monstrous. They are getting on rapidly with the *Bohemian Girl* at the opera; I hope to send you an account of its success. At the first concert of the *Conservatoire*, we had Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor—March and chorus from the *Ruins of Athens*, by Beethoven—a new violin concerto by De Beriot, performed by M. Moeser, a young violinist from Berlin—a scene from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, by M. Dupont—and the first symphony of Beethoven in C major. Excepting the symphony of Mendelssohn, which I have heard played much better at Leipsic, and even in London at the Philharmonic, under the direction of the composer—the execution of these pieces was beyond praise. Adieu. M. M.

[This letter was omitted last week in consequence of the press of other important matters.—Ed. M. W.]

PARIS. (*From our own Correspondent.*)—I send you a few scraps, though you do not deserve them. Why did you omit my last? The concert of Hector Berlioz came off triumphantly, at the *Cirque des Champs Elysées*. His overture *Le Carnaval Romain*, a composition of much merit, was

highly relished. A new overture, *La Tour de Nice*, was not understood;—as executed, it was direct confusion. On another occasion I may have a better account for you. The selections from the *requiem* of Berlioz, and the choral scenes of Gluck and Piccini, were magnificent treats. Why is Piccini, the worthy rival of Gluck, dead to England? M. Haumann, the violinist, played excellently, some very poor music, on themes from the *Guide* of Halévy, an opera without any perceptible merit. Charles Hallé, one of the greatest classical pianists in Europe, played Beethoven's concerto in E flat magnificently, but the clatter of the modern French music almost out-stunned this noble work. However, many amateurs present joined with me in thinking this the great feature of the concert. You should know more of Charles Hallé. He is a true artist, and an excellent fellow. That he is a superb pianist you have had ample proofs. It is a pity he never composes. Leopold de Meyer is here, and with his good temper, pleasant manners, and immense talent, he wins all hearts. I had the honor to be with him at three *soirées* during the week—at the residence of M. le Duc de Cases, M. Lacave Laplagne, and M. Orfila. There have been three concerts this week—those of Madlle. Clara Loveday, M. Romagnesi, and M. Lafontaine—the first the most attractive. M. Pillet has brought an action against Mr. Mitchell, for the injury accruing to him by the illegal (as he says) playing of English dramas at the Italian theatre, and another against M. Vatel, the director, for having permitted the infraction of the law. Jacques Offenbach, the clever violoncellist, has returned to Paris, after a successful tour in the provinces. You recollect him last season in London. M. David's *Le Desert* has been given for the third time at *Les Italiens*. The *Stabat* of Rossini was to have been played on Thursday, but Mad. Stoltz took a fit into her head that she would not sing, and so we had no *Stabat*. Ill natured persons give us as the reason, that Mad. Dorus Gras had an air to sing, which might outshine Mad. Stoltz, and Mad. Stoltz did not relish being outshone by the air of Mad. Dorus.—Oh, Monsieur Pillet!—But I bow with reverence to the charming influence of *woman*, and shall not, therefore, echo the complaints of those ungallant ones, who would fain oppose that sweetest despotism. *Don Juan* was miserably performed at the *Italiens*, on Monday night. Fornasari was as bad as bad could be. Lablache, Persiani, and Grisi, could not be anything but good. But, oh the boasted orchestra! Nothing could have been worse than that and the chorus. If your London chorus of *Antigone* be as bad, heaven protect poor Mendelssohn! A grand concert was given at the Tuileries lately, under the direction of Auber. The *scherzo*, from a symphony in E flat, by Felicien David, was performed. The composer was presented by Auber to the Royal Family, and graciously received. Two songs of David, were well delivered by M. Roger, "*Les Hirondelles*" and "*Le Chybouk*," but I could discover nothing remarkable in them. The other singers were your favorite, Madlle. Nau, Mad. Dorus Gras, M. M. Barroilhet, and Madlle. Lavoye, who sang a quantity of so so music, from Italian and French operas. The new ballet of Adolph Adam has, no one knows why, been suddenly laid aside by M. Pillet, the capricious director of the *Academie Royale*, and directed of Mad. Stoltz. It was, however, quite ready. Thirty-six little girls from Vienna, dancers of considerable grace, are the present attractions at the opera! Auber's new opera will be produced at the *Comique* about the middle of next month. De Beriot was here for a few days, but has returned to Brussels; he came with Leopold de Meyer. Berlioz's second concert is announced for the 15th of next month.

M. M.

Miscellaneous.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—This great national establishment continues in its prosperous career. *Antigone* nightly draws crowded houses. The choruses and orchestra are now all that could be desired, and the confidence expressed by Dr. Mendelssohn has been amply justified by Mr. Macfarren, the conductor. Mr. Thirlwall is an excellent leader, and the band emulates his spirit. Mr. Henri Laurent has also proved himself a very efficient chorus-marshall. A new tragedy was produced on Monday, with success. It is entitled "*Honesty*," and is from the pen of a Mr. Spicer. An overture by Mr. Henri Laurent, precedes the tragedy, and displays considerable talent. It is well scored, and decidedly effective. The scenery, by Mr. John Macfarren, is picturesque and beautiful, and adds to the reputation of one of our most rising dramatic painters.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Edward Loder's new opera is in rehearsal at this spirited establishment, and will very shortly be produced. We wish it every success. Mr. Edward Loder is at present music director at the Surrey Theatre, in place of Mr. Stansbury, resigned.

MASTER L. Silberberg gave a concert at Blagrove's room on Tuesday evening, which was well attended, and passed off with great spirit. The playing of the young concert giver, in pieces by Mayseder, Artot, and De Beriot, justified our sanguine predictions of his progressing excellence, as a vocalist. But it was in the delicious *Elegie* of Ernst that he most delighted us, playing with a feeling and classical taste that would not disgrace any living performer on the king of solo instruments. We look for great things from the future career of young Silberberg. Mr. Cohan executed with great brilliancy, on the grand pianoforte, a *Fantasia* of his own composition, in which he introduced several original and startling effects. It was greatly applauded. Mr. F. Chatterton and Mr. Ciebra also displayed their abilities successfully on the harp and guitar. The vocalists were Misses S. Flower, Steele, Mr. A. Smith, Messrs. Cox, Bloxsome, and W. Seguin. There was great variety in the selection allotted to these excellent artists, but the only novelty was the clever canzonet, "*I saw thee weep*," of Walter Cecil Macfarren, which was judiciously rendered by Mr. Bloxsome.

PHILHARMONIC. We have just heard, with infinite delight, that Mr. Lumley, the manager of Her Majesty's Italian Opera, refuses permission to Signor Costa to become director for the ensuing concerts of this society. Let us trust that if neither Mendelssohn nor Spohr can be induced to come, the honorable office will be allotted to an Englishman.

JEWS' LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of this newly formed society took place in their splendid room on Monday night, before nearly one thousand persons. Among the lions was Henry Russell, who was applauded enthusiastically in all his songs. Mr. Cohan played a brilliant fantasia on the pianoforte, which narrowly escaped an encore. Among the novelties was a charming vocal duet, by Mr. H. Brinley Richards, sung by the Misses Williams, and accompanied by himself. This was unanimously approved of. Mr. Emanuel was the conductor for the evening.

MR. C. E. HORN.—This justly esteemed musician has been appointed music-director at the Princess's Theatre;—the choice confers infinite credit on the management.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL has announced a second concert for Feb. 6, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MR. ADDISON, of the firm of Addison and Hodson, has become proprietor of the new transposing piano, invented by S. Mercier, of Paris.

THALBERG is composing an opera, entitled the "*Burgunder*"—the libretto by Rellstab, which is to be brought out, when completed, at Berlin.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—An extraordinary pianist—the epithet for once is true—is at present in Paris; his name is—you know it already—Leopold de Meyer. This new wonder cannot and must not be compared to any one; he is a new phenomenon in the musical horizon. Leopold de Meyer effects with one finger what many cannot accomplish with two hands; it is impossible to push force and agility further. The *Marche Marocaine*—the *Nocturnes*—the *Départ et Retour*—*Bajazet*—*Norma*—*Lucrezia*—*Galop de Bravoure*, &c. are the compositions from his own pen which he has chosen to display all the elegance, all the celerity, all the energy of his fine talent. By the side of that of Leopold de Meyer the execution of Thalberg is cold and monotonous. Leopold de Meyer surpasses Thalberg by eight fingers out of ten—which is as much as to say that Meyer produces eight times more effect than Thalberg.—(From an article in "*La France Musicale*"—signed ESCUDIER.)

THE VISION INTERPRETED.—The great pianist, Leopold de Meyer is the lion of all the *soirées* of the *grand monde*. He is a prodigious player—astonishing and pleasing at the same time by the colossal power and delicate suavity of his style. His admirable *fantasie* on *Norma*, which produced so great an effect at the concerts of *La France Musicale*, will soon be published. Every pianist will hasten to obtain this magnificent composition.—*La France Musicale*. [We understand that Thalberg will play at one of the concerts of this influential musical organ, immediately on his return to Paris, and that he will take Miss Dolby, John Parry, Miss Eliza Birch, and Mr. Joseph Calkin, with him, in order to enhance the interest of the concert, and to add eventually to the number of his fingers.—ED. M. W.]

BELLS.—The grandest story on record, respecting a bell, is that told of the Gunpowder Conspirators, who, while digging under the Parliament House, fancied they heard a bell tolling in the earth. The story, taken in connexion with the memorable conspiracy, is almost appalling. We know not on what authority it rests, but if well authenticated, it might do more to clear away the popular error respecting the characters of those zealous fanatics, than all the comments of historians.

A HAPPY ESCAPE.—Thalberg, with Mrs. and Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch, Mr. J. Calkin, Mr. John Parry and Mr. J. Calcott, left Liverpool on Saturday evening, in a steam packet for Belfast, where a concert was to have taken place on Monday evening. The weather became so stormy, that, after beating about the Isle of Man, for several hours in the most alarming situation, the captain with great danger and difficulty succeeded in putting the boat back, and the party returned safely to Liverpool on Sunday, after experiencing the most perilous and distressing night. They unanimously gave up the idea of proceeding to Belfast, though Thalberg with Miss Whitnall, and Mr. Calkin proceeded the next day to Dublin. Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch and Mr. John Parry judiciously remain on *terra firma*, awaiting the return of Thalberg, whom they will meet at Shrewsbury, where a concert will take place on Monday next.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The 104th anniversary of the Madrigal Society took place at the Freemason's Tavern, on the 16th instant, Lord Saltoun presiding; supported by Lord Oxford, Sir G. Clark, Sir A. Barnard, Colonel Sykes, Major Oliphant, and about a hundred professors and amateurs of music, including Braham and Dragonetti, whose healths were proposed by T. Oliphant, Esq. The vocal choir, under the direction of Mr. Hawes, consisted of about seventy, trebles, altos, tenors, and basses, arranged in due order. The programme contained the following compositions.

Hide not thou thy face	(1560)	Farrant.
Within a greenwood	(1570)	Ferretti.
O sleep, fond fancy	(1599)	Bennet.
Now each creature	(1598)	Farmer.
Lady, see, on every side	(1570)	L. Marenzio.
Come, gentle swains	(1600)	Cavendish.
Kyrie Eleison	(1720)	L. Leo.
Die not, fond man	(1600)	J. Ward.
At sound of her sweet voice	(1570)	Quintiani.
Ah, dear heart	(1613)	C. Gibbons.
I love, alas! I love thee	(1600)	Morley.
On the plains, fairy trains	(1600)	Weekes.
Finale.—The waits	(1660)	J. Saville.

MR. RANSFORD is engaged to give his "Illustrations of Gipsy Life and Character," at the London and Southwark Institution, Hackney Road, on Friday evening, Feb. 21st, assisted by Miss Ellen Lyon, and Mr. Louis Emanuel.

MOSCHELES.—This distinguished musician has returned to town with his family, after a gratifying tour in his native land of upwards of six months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. THOMAS WOOD must pardon our dullness in miscomprehending his very succinct and pithy—though to a stranger not instantaneously intelligible—method of signature. E. F. L.—The address of Mr. George Cooper, organist of St. Sepulchre's, is No. 21, Ely Place, Hatton Garden. MR. J. N. WASTFIELD received with thanks. W. G. (Dublin) next week. G. D.—We are not acquainted with any work on the subject, but have little doubt that some information may be obtained from J. A. Novello, of Dean Street. DR. ELVEY, received with thanks. MR. FURBISHER—MR. CASTERTON—The MUSICAL WORLD shall be forwarded according to desire.—MR. A. BURRINGTON—MR. H. B. RICHARDS—MR. J. REEVE MR. FIDGOR, received with thanks. MR. J. STOREY.—We are mistaken if we have not already acknowledged the receipt of our correspondent's account up to Dec. 1844; if not, however, we beg leave to apologize, as our neglect was quite unintentional. MR. LAIDLAW.—The mistake has been rectified; the Index and Title for 1844 are preparing. MR. J. PATTERSON, received with thanks; this is equivalent to our acknowledgment; if we were to send a letter in return for every subscriber's quarterly account, we should have to write about two thousand five hundred every three months. MR. C. E. HORN.—We have received the "Christmas Bells," which we shall have the utmost pleasure in noticing.

Advertisements.

TO MUSIC SELLERS' ASSISTANTS.

WANTED A respectable and intelligent young man, who has served his time in the above business, competent to undertake a responsible situation in the country. One from a large concern out of London would be preferred. He must be a good man of business, able to show off a Pianoforte, and to tune when required, though the latter acquirement would not be indispensable. Address (prepaid) to R. S. T., Mr. Halliday's, Queen's Arms Hotel, Liverpool.

TO AMATEURS, VOCALISTS, AND OTHERS.

MR. F. NICHOLLS CROUCH

Having been solicited by his Friends and Pupils to form a Society for the purpose of singing Masses, Glees, and Madrigals, informs the lovers of classical music, that he is now establishing a Musical Club for that purpose, to be held at his chambers, 75, Great Titchfield Street, every Wednesday evening, commencing at seven o'clock, concluding at eleven. Terms of Subscription, One Guinea per Quarter, paid in advance.

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TESTIMONIALS.*Institute de France, Royal Academy of Fine Arts.*

Saturday, Jan. 20th, 1842.

GENTLEMEN,—The Minister of the Interior, by a letter bearing date the 14th of Dec. 1843, has requested your opinion on the *Chirogymnast*. The members of the musical department to which the examination of this instrument has been referred, after mature deliberation, have the honour to acquaint you that their opinion is most favourable to this ingenious invention. The inventor having been desirous of facilitating the study of musical instruments in general, but more in particular of the Pianoforte, has carefully studied the Anatomy of the Hand. The *Chirogymnast*, or Gymnastic Finger Exercises, is an assemblage of several studies on a single board.

It is intended to prepare the hand for the study of all sorts of musical instruments, but principally of the Pianoforte.

GENTLEMEN,—After a long and minute examination, the undersigned Commissioners being fully sensible of the utility of the *Chirogymnast*, think that the inventor deserves every encouragement for the trouble and perseverance which must have guided his studies preparatory to the construction of his instrument, and that the Royal Academy of France, will but do him justice in giving him their unqualified approbation.

CHERUBINI.

BEETON.

CARAFA, Reporter.

The Royal Academy of France approves and adopts the conclusions of the above Report.

Certified formally,

RAOUL ROCLETTE.

A copy of Mrs. Anderson's Letter relative to the Chirogymnast.

London, Nov. 3rd, 1842.

SIR,—Having carefully examined your *Chirogymnast*, I have no hesitation in saying I consider it admirably adapted for the extension of the hand, and equalizing the fingers, and that the different exercises must greatly tend to facilitate the difficulties of the present school of playing. Sincerely wishing your ingenious invention may meet with the success it is entitled to.

I have the honor of remaining, Sir, Yours, &c. &c.

LUCY ANDERSON,

Instructress and Pianist to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

(To be Continued.)

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

ROBERT ADDISON

Having become the Patentee of the

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Invented by S. MERCIER, of Paris, begs to inform the Musical Profession that this Instrument is now on view at

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THE EOLIAN ATTACHMENT.**M. BENEDICT**

Respectfully announces that he will give a SOIREE MUSICALE at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, on FRIDAY, Feb. 7, for the purpose of exhibiting the capabilities of this novel and ingenious addition to the pianoforte. M. Benedict will be assisted by Mesdames Caradori Allan, Ralston, Alfred Shaw, Mason, F. Lablache, Steele, Rodwell, Messent, Lear, Barrett, Williams, Sara Flower, Duval, Salomon; Signori B. Costa, Brizzi, F. Lablache, and Mr. Harrison. Pianoforte, Mr. Roekett; Violin, Mr. Willy; Violoncello, Mr. Hancock; Oboe, Mr. Gratian Cooke; Sax Horns, the Distin Family. Reserved seats, 15s.; Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; may be had at all the principal music warehouses, & of M. Benedict, 2, Manchester Square.

THE GIPSIES!!

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE.

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Tickets, 2s. Reserved Seats, 3s. 6d. each. Private Boxes to hold Six Persons, One Guinea each. To be had of Mr. RANSFORD, at his Music Warehouse, Charles Street, Bedford Square; and of all the principal Music Sellers.

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Begs to acquaint his friends and the public, that his work on the ART of SINGING, adapted with alterations and additions for the BASS VOICE, is now ready, and may be had of Mr. Crivelli, at his Residence, No. 71, Upper Norton Street, and of all the principal music sellers.

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"The appearance of this splendid annual is always one of the fashionably musical events of the year. Its gorgeous decorations and variety of poetical and musical contents are so far from the common order as to make any attempt at rivalry a matter of considerable boldness. The *Musical Bijou* for 1845, outdoes itself in the beauty of its illustrations, and the binding and other details of getting up are in their usual style of lavish magnificence. Without going into detail, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the *index*, printed in beautiful old English type, with emblazoned capitals at the beginning of each word, and a fancy border, exquisitely tasteful and elegant. We have no intention of reviewing the musical contents at length, since they comprise ninety-six closely printed pages of type—with, for the most part, an entire composition in each page. These are from the most popular foreign and native authors, among whom we may mention the names of Thalberg, who has contributed a clever study in G minor, in the form of a "Baccarole;" Henri Herz, whose "Serenade," on an air by Donizetti, is extremely pretty and graceful; Sir Henry Bishop, from whose pen we find several vocal compositions of merit; Edward Loder and John Barnett, who have likewise enriched the vocal department with many songs and duets, and others of high repute. In addition to the above, we must say a word in favour of four or five ballads by Clement White, all of which have merit, and one especially, "Where shall we meet?" for which Desmond Ryan has supplied some charming verses, is full of sentiment and natural melody. Moreover, the names of Jullien, Henry Russell, Rodwell, Crouch, Nelson, Knight, C. Glover, J. W. Davison, and many others equally popular, figure conspicuously in the pages of this year's *Musical Bijou*. Two young writers, less known, but deserving honorable mention, J. R. Ling and E. Linter, have also contributed several things of far more than ordinary merit. To conclude, if among all this variety, something be not found to suit every conceivable taste we are very much mistaken. We feel sure, however, that extensive patronage will substantially reward the spirit and enterprise of the publishers."—(*Morning Post*, Wednesday, Jan. 22.)

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from their near approach to that quantity, called the *Disia*, or quarter tone. To form this interval it is necessary that, of any two notes which are distant by the tone, the *highest* should be *depressed*, and the *lowest* elevated, by the chromatic semitone. Thus if G sharp be taken instead of G, and A flat instead of A, the difference between these extremes of the two chromatic semitones, will form the *Enharmonic Disia*, or quarter tone." Kollmann, in writing of the *Enharmonic scale*, places the sharp before the flat, in ascending, as F sharp, G flat, &c. (see Chap I. plate 1. No. 10.) I cannot imagine it reasonable to write it in any other manner. In a clever work called "*Lucidus Ordo*," the author, treating of the three genera of scales, says, "The *Enharmonic species* is to be regarded as that, with the original nature and effects of which we are the least acquainted of the three genera. This minute degree of sound is, in its modern acceptation, a quarter tone, a quality which our keyed instruments are incapable of expressing; yet a just sensation of its effects impresses the mind of every experienced musician. While in silent imagination he passes through it, his ear realizes that delicate medium which his more defective instrument is incapable of expressing." As these authorities are conclusive, it is useless multiplying examples, or I could quote numerous other authors on the subject; but as your space is valuable I conclude, apologizing for remarks on a subject so generally understood, but which were called for by "An Enquiring Subscriber's" letter.

I am, dear Sir,
Respectfully yours,
MUSICA.

P. S.—I abstain from making any observation on Mr. G. F. Flowers' last letter, as that gentleman expresses his intention of writing fully at a future time; but, I would assure him that if any example is requisite of "the difficulty of avoiding the quicksands of sophistry," his own letter affords a very forcible one.

No. II.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

January 21, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you invite your readers to communicate on the subject, I shall, without further apology, proceed to lay before you the facts which induce me to consider G flat to be a *lower* note than F sharp. If we commence tuning a pianoforte at C, and proceed by ascending perfect fifths, we arrive at F sharp thus; C, G, D, A, G, B, F sharp; and if we commence at C, and proceed by descending perfect fifths, we arrive at G flat thus; C, F, B flat, E flat, A flat, D flat, G flat: but when we arrive at the G flat we find that the note which was tuned to F sharp must be made lower to become G flat; from which it follows that F sharp must be sharper than G flat, or that what we call perfect fifths are *not* perfect. Again, if G flat be a sharper note than F sharp, the fifths on a pianoforte tuned to the equal temperament must be *greater* than perfect, the reverse of which is acknowledged to be the case: for if from B to F sharp be a perfect fifth, but from B to the note on the pianoforte which is in reality between F sharp and G flat be *less* than a perfect fifth (which you will allow, is the fact) then the interval between B and G flat must be *still less*: in other words G flat must be *flatter* than the note on the pianoforte, which is *too flat* for F sharp.

I am, my dear Sir,
Your most humble servant, O.

No. III.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In answer to "An Enquiring Subscriber" of last week, respecting the correct *Enharmonic* notation of F, F sharp, G flat, G; or F, G flat, F sharp, G—I beg to acquaint you that the former position is the correct one in accordance with your opinion;—you will find it proved by that useful invention of Mr. Higgs', I think called the *Monochord*, which thus displays it—

F		G
	F sharp	
G flat		

Your truly,
BEHIND THE SCENES.

LICHFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—With great pleasure I find a Choral Society has been formed in our ancient city, where music maintains its high character, though recently it has been neglected, by the non-professionals of the city and its vicinity. It is most gratifying to observe such a society satisfactorily progressing, consisting as it does entirely of amateurs. They give their second concert on Thursday evening next, and from the character of the first performance, which took place in October last, and was attended by most of the families of distinction in the neighbourhood, a rich treat may be anticipated. I think, Mr. Editor, you will not require any apology from me for troubling you with a sketch of the proceedings of a society established for the promotion of an art which tends, in so great a degree, to elevate the moral and intellectual character of society. If you think this worthy notice in your valuable and widely circulated journal, you will, by its insertion confirm a favor on

Your most obedient Servant and Subscriber,
H. MATHEWS.

THE ORGAN OF YORK MINSTER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

York, January 21, 1845.

SIR,—Having been favoured by a friend with a copy of your valuable journal for August 22, 1844, in which is a somewhat ill-natured attack upon our little pamphlet respecting the Organ of York Minster, we must beg the favour (if you should not think it now out of place) to set the public right with regard to the statements therein made. Excepting the latter part of our pamphlet (those pages which treat of the organ as it now is, and which Dr. Camidge kindly favoured us with), the critiques on the comparative merits of the Birmingham organ and the powers of the York instrument, were furnished to the periodical press, (some of them seven or eight years ago) by gentlemen whom we know possessed considerable musical science and judgment; and who therefore may be depended upon as having really furnished an accurate opinion. We may remark, in addition, that some of the expressions, which appeared, at this distance of time, to be stronger than good feeling warranted, in speaking of the Birmingham organ, were *erased* or *softened down*, in order to avoid raising the jealousy and consequent acrimony of the people of Birmingham, who certainly, in this matter, appear to possess a share of the spirit which animated the worshippers at the celebrated temple of Ephesus; and perhaps we should not be wide of the mark, were we to guess that the locality where "A COUNTRY ORGANIST" resides is overshadowed by a Birmingham atmosphere. We are glad, however, of the opportunity of informing that writer, as well as your readers, that the want of greater brilliancy or clearness, complained of by him, in the York organ (and of which no one has been more sensible than Dr. Camidge) has very lately been most *completely removed* by a very simple, though almost chance discovery. This important improvement, we hope, will be as *satisfactory* to the above correspondent as it has been to the numerous auditors who have listened during the Christmas and Sunday service at our cathedral.

We have the honour to be, Sir, Your's most respectfully,
ALLERSTON AND PICKWELL.

FOREIGN V. NATIVE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Jan. 25th, 1845.

SIR, From your known advocacy of the rights of British musicians and performers, will you allow me to enquire, was there not to be found a leader of a band in London, capable of directing the music, if such stuff deserves the appellation, in connexion with the French plays about to be performed at the St. James's Theatre, without importing a foreigner for that purpose. Surely the proprietor ought to have had patriotism enough, after the treatment he has lately received from the French managers and people, to encourage his own countrymen, more especially as the business could just as well have been performed, without the least prejudice to the French plays, by an Englishman. Mr. Mitchell did not, when he visited Paris, lately, with an English company, bring an English leader with him, and surely if he covets the good will and patronage of the British public, it is not by succumbing to a people that are anything but friendly to Englishmen. Shoals of foreign artists of every denomination migrate here, season after season, to the detriment of our native talent, but an Englishman may repair to Paris, and, no matter how clever he may be, he has but little respect shewn him. Such things should open the eyes of the English public. I remain, sir,

Your's respectfully, W. G.
[Has our correspondent heard of an English composer named Balfe?—ED. M. W.]

Provincial Intelligence.

LIVERPOOL.—The last Philharmonic Concert for the season presented the following programme:—

PART FIRST.		
Overture.....	"Masonella".....	Author.
Glee.....	"When which breathe soft".....	Miss A. Williams.
Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Bradbury, and		
Madrigal.....	"All creatures now are merry merrily".....	Watts.
Duetto.....	"La più pura".....	Bonnet, 1808.
Miss M. Williams.....		
Song.....	"Jenanda".....	By tone of war" Mr. Machin.
Captain.....	(E Major)—Pianoforte—Mr. William	Gabani.
Sterndale Bennett.		Spohr.
Song.....	"Tempest"—"Full fathom Five".....	W. Sterndale Bennett.
Hawes.....		
Glee.....	"O bird of eve".....	Smith.
Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Bradbury, and		
Mr. Machin.		
Song.....	"O beautiful daughter of the starry race".....	Lord Mornington.
Mr. Hobbs.		
Letzow's Wild Hunt.....	"What glances so bright in the	Beethoven.
morning sun"—(from the German).....		C. M. Von Weber.
PART SECOND.		
Overture, MS.....	"Marie du Roi"—(conducted by the	W. Sterndale Bennett.
composer).....		
Glee.....	"With sighs, sweet rose".....	Miss M. B. Hawes.
Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Bradbury, and Mr. Machin.....		Callcott.
Duetto.....	"Berhami cener di soli".....	Miss A. Williams
and Miss M. Williams.....		Rossini.
Chorus of Maidens.....	"Maid of Artois".....	Baife.
Song.....	"Tom Stachard".....	Miss M. B. Hawes.
Second Concerto in D Minor—Mr. W. Sterndale Ben-		Mazingshi.
nett.....		Mendelssohn.
Duetto.....	"Two merry gipsies are we".....	Miss A. Wil-
Hams and Miss M. Williams.....		G. A. Macfarren
Song.....	"The harp is now silent," Mr. Machin.....	Kucken.
Glee.....	"Come see what pleasures in our plains	
abound"—Miss A. Williams, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr.		
Hobbs, Mr. Bradbury, and Mr. Machin.....		Elliott.
"God Save the Queen"—soli parts—Miss A. Williams,		
Miss M. Williams, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Machin.		

This, the concluding concert of the year, must have left a favourable impression upon the audience. In addition to the vocalists engaged, the committee secured the services of Mr. William Sterndale Bennett, a gentleman who, though young, has earned for himself, in London, and on the continent, a high reputation as a pianist and composer. On the present evening he performed the two last movements of Mendelssohn's concerto in D, and a Caprice of his own, both with orchestral accompaniments. His style is rather that of Mendelssohn, than of Thalberg or Liszt, and evinces great power of execution and a sustained and flowing manner. His overture is severe in style, displaying great contrapuntal knowledge, and a perfect command of the various instruments of the orchestra: his conducting was most spirited and good, and the execution of the band excellent. The overture to *Masonella* was played with spirit and precision. Among the successful vocal performances were those of the Misses Williams; their duet singing is perfect. Miss Hawes was also excellent. Messrs. Machin and Hobbs were received as old favourites. Mr. Bradbury sang only in glees. The committee, with a desire of not having a majority of the audience disturbed, have adopted the plan of having, near the conclusion, an interval of five minutes, during which time those of the company who do not wish to await the termination are requested to take their departure. Could not something of the same kind be done with the male choristers, to prevent their leaving the orchestra during the performance? The Committee, we are sure, will do this; in the mean time, we wish the Society a prosperous new year.—*Liverpool Mail*.

CHELLENHAM.—Mr. Alban Croft's last subscription concert for the season, on Friday, attracted a tolerably numerous audience. The concert opened with Mozart, and concluded with Rossini—the interval being filled with vocal and instrumental pieces by Rooke, Cianchettiini, Beethoven, Perry, Cimarosa, Nicholson, Guglielmi, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Alban Croft, in the vocal, and Messrs. Cianchettiini, Uglov, and Royal, in the instrumental department, won the applause of the audience. Mr. J. Halford's performances contributed not a little to the amusement of the audience. Jullien is expected here daily, with his admirable promenade band.—(*Cheltenham Chronicle*.)

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The Distin Family gave a concert, at the Music Hall, on Monday evening, to a select audience. The Sax horns seem to be peculiarly adapted to the genius of the performers. The solo on the trumpet by the elder Distin, was like the solo on the French horn by the eldest son. The songs of Miss Spence and Mr. Perring were very agreeable, and gave variety to the evening's entertainment. The Distins gave another concert on Tuesday evening, with the same success, to which Messrs. Hayward and Hay added their valuable assistance.

Foreign Intelligence.

PARIS, Jan. 20, 1843.—(From our own Correspondent.)—There has not been much novelty since I wrote you last. The difference between the manager of the *Italiani* and M. Felicien David having been adjusted by law in favor of M. Vatel, and in disfavor of "the man who has composed a symphony," we are to have "*Le Desert*," and a few other compositions by the same author, on Thursday. The receipts of the last concert were 14000 francs (about £550 sterling). Now, however, a certain M. Colin, who it appears wrote the ode to which the inspirations of M. David are tied, writes to the papers and threatens to apply to a legal tribunal for information whether M. Vatel has the right to receive 14000 francs by the attraction of the ode-symphony, without remunerating the ode-author. M. Colin is astonished that the public in the heat of their zeal for M. David should have neglected to bestow any notice upon him. The symphony, to satisfy this hungry poet, should be announced in the bills thus:—

ODE-SYMPHONIE par COLIN-DAVID.

For my part, I consider the ode as good as the symphony, any day in the year. There is nothing talked of now but M. David and his *Desert*. Lives, portraits, caricatures, 14000 francs, law-suits, and what not, fly about his ears like swarms of musquitoes. Of course you will have the *Desert* in London, next season. After the composer I know no one more fitted to conduct it than Michael Costa—so like is it to the modern Italian operas, with their endless eight-bar phrases. The critics on the press are beginning to find a mouse come out of all this hubbub. The French are easier humbugged than any nation on the globe, and the result will soon be seen whether M. David be what his friends say—or what I suspect myself, something by no means extraordinary. Take my word for it, he is not a *lusus naturee*. Some songs and pianoforte pieces by him about swallows, reveries, neglectings, thinkings, Bedouins and Chybouks, are just now all the vogue; and a song called *Chant du Muezzin*—which is remarkable for an employment of the enharmonic scale, and raises up in the fancy vivid ideas of caterwaulings, or nocturnal love-makings of the feline tribe—is as popular as ever was "Jim Crow." This is the great feature of *Le Desert*, and so delighted some Arab chiefs who were present at the first performance, that they set up a howl in chorus, and the effect was prodigiously oriental. I am translating a life of David for you, with which, however, I beg leave to disclaim any kind of sympathy—I merely send it you as a matter of immediate interest; the inflated eulogies it contains are absolutely monstrous. They are getting on rapidly with the *Bohemian Girl* at the opera; I hope to send you an account of its success. At the first concert of the *Conservatoire*, we had Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor—March and chorus from the *Ruins of Athens*, by Beethoven—a new violin concerto by De Beriot, performed by M. Moeser, a young violinist from Berlin—a scene from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, by M. Dupont—and the first symphony of Beethoven in C major. Excepting the symphony of Mendelssohn, which I have heard played much better at Leipzig, and even in London at the Philharmonic, under the direction of the composer—the execution of these pieces was beyond praise. Adieu. M. M.

(This letter was omitted last week in consequence of the press of other important matters.—Ed. M. W.)

PARIS. (From our own Correspondent.)—I send you a few scraps, though you do not deserve them. Why did you omit my last? The concert of Hector Berlioz came off triumphantly, at the *Cirque des Champs Elysées*. His overture *Le Carnaval Romain*, a composition of much merit, was

highly relished. A new overture, *La Tour de Nice*, was not understood;—as executed, it was direst confusion. On another occasion I may have a better account for you. The selections from the *requiem* of Berlioz, and the choral scenes of Gluck and Piccini, were magnificent treats. Why is Piccini, the worthy rival of Gluck, dead to England? M. Haumann, the violinist, played excellently, some very poor music, on themes from the *Guide* of Halévy, an opera without any perceptible merit. Charles Hallé, one of the greatest *classical* pianists in Europe, played Beethoven's concerto in E flat magnificently, but the clatter of the modern French music almost out-stunned this noble work. However, many amateurs present joined with me in thinking this the great feature of the concert. You should know more of Charles Hallé. He is a true artist, and an excellent fellow. That he is a superb pianist you have had ample proofs. It is a pity he never composes. Leopold de Meyer is here, and with his good temper, pleasant manners, and immense talent, he wins all hearts. I had the honor to be with him at three *soirées* during the week—at the residence of M. le Duc de Cases, M. Lacave Laplagne, and M. Orfila. There have been three concerts this week—those of Madlle. Clara Loveday, M. Romagnesi, and M. Lafontaine—the first the most attractive. M. Pillet has brought an action against Mr. Mitchell, for the injury accruing to him by the illegal (as he says) playing of English dramas at the Italian theatre, and another against M. Vatel, the director, for having permitted the infraction of the law. Jacques Offenbach, the clever violoncellist, has returned to Paris, after a successful tour in the provinces. You recollect him last season in London. M. David's *Le Desert* has been given for the third time at *Les Italiens*. The *Stabat* of Rossini was to have been played on Thursday, but Mad. Stoltz took a fit into her head that she would not sing, and so we had no *Stabat*. Ill natured persons give us as the reason, that Mad. Dorus Gras had an air to sing, which might outshine Mad. Stoltz, and Mad. Stoltz did not relish being outshone by the air of Mad. Dorus.—Oh, Monsieur Pillet!—But I bow with reverence to the charming influence of *woman*, and shall not, therefore, echo the complaints of those ungallant ones, who would fain oppose that sweetest despotism. *Don Juan* was miserably performed at the *Italiens*, on Monday night. Fornasari was as bad as bad could be. Lablache, Persiani, and Grisi, could not be anything but good. But, oh the boasted orchestra! Nothing could have been worse than that and the chorus. If your London chorus of *Antigone* be as bad, heaven protect poor Mendelssohn! A grand concert was given at the Tuileries lately, under the direction of Auber. The *scherzo*, from a symphony in E flat, by Felicien David, was performed. The composer was presented by Auber to the Royal Family, and graciously received. Two songs of David, were well delivered by M. Roger, "*Les Hirondelles*" and "*Le Chybouk*," but I could discover nothing remarkable in them. The other singers were your favorite, Madlle. Nau, Mad. Dorus Gras, M. M. Barroilhet, and Madlle. Lavoye, who sang a quantity of so so music, from Italian and French operas. The new ballet of Adolph Adam has, no one knows why, been suddenly laid aside by M. Pillet, the capricious director of the *Academie Royale*, and directed of Mad. Stoltz. It was, however, quite ready. Thirty-six little girls from Vienna, dancers of considerable grace, are the present attractions at the opera! Auber's new opera will be produced at the *Comique* about the middle of next month. De Beriot was here for a few days, but has returned to Brussels; he came with Leopold de Meyer. Berlioz's second concert is announced for the 15th of next month.

M. M.

Miscellaneous.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—This great national establishment continues in its prosperous career. *Antigone* nightly draws crowded houses. The choruses and orchestra are now all that could be desired, and the confidence expressed by Dr. Mendelssohn has been amply justified by Mr. Macfarren, the conductor. Mr. Thirlwall is an excellent leader, and the band emulates his spirit. Mr. Henri Laurent has also proved himself a very efficient chorus-marshall. A new tragedy was produced on Monday, with success. It is entitled "*Honesty*," and is from the pen of a Mr. Spicer. An overture by Mr. Henri Laurent, precedes the tragedy, and displays considerable talent. It is well scored, and decidedly effective. The scenery, by Mr. John Macfarren, is picturesque and beautiful, and adds to the reputation of one of our most rising dramatic painters.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Edward Loder's new opera is in rehearsal at this spirited establishment, and will very shortly be produced. We wish it every success. Mr. Edward Loder is at present music director at the Surrey Theatre, in place of Mr. Stansbury, resigned.

MASTER L. Silberberg gave a concert at Blagrove's room on Tuesday evening, which was well attended, and passed off with great spirit. The playing of the young concert giver, in pieces by Mayseder, Artot, and De Beriot, justified our sanguine predictions of his progressing excellence, as a vocalist. But it was in the delicious *Elegie* of Ernst that he most delighted us, playing with a feeling and classical taste that would not disgrace any living performer on the king of solo instruments. We look for great things from the future career of young Silberberg. Mr. Cohan executed with great brilliancy, on the grand pianoforte, a *Fantasia* of his own composition, in which he introduced several original and startling effects. It was greatly applauded. Mr. F. Chatterton and Mr. Ciebra also displayed their abilities successfully on the harp and guitar. The vocalists were Misses S. Flower, Steele, Mr. A. Smith, Messrs. Cox, Bloxsome, and W. Seguin. There was great variety in the selection allotted to these excellent artists, but the only novelty was the clever canzonet, "*I saw thee weep*," of Walter Cecil Macfarren, which was judiciously rendered by Mr. Bloxsome.

PHILHARMONIC. We have just heard, *with infinite delight*, that Mr. Lumley, the manager of Her Majesty's Italian Opera, refuses permission to Signor Costa to become director for the ensuing concerts of this society. Let us trust that if neither Mendelssohn nor Spohr can be induced to come, the honorable office will be allotted to an Englishman.

JEWS' LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The first concert of this newly formed society took place in their splendid room on Monday night, before nearly one thousand persons. Among the lions was Henry Russell, who was applauded enthusiastically in all his songs. Mr. Cohan played a brilliant fantasia on the pianoforte, which narrowly escaped an encore. Among the novelties was a charming vocal duet, by Mr. H. Brinley Richards, sung by the Misses Williams, and accompanied by himself. This was unanimously approved of. Mr. Emanuel was the conductor for the evening.

MR. C. E. HORN.—This justly esteemed musician has been appointed music-director at the Princess's Theatre;—the choice confers infinite credit on the management.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL has announced a second concert for Feb. 6, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MR. ADDISON, of the firm of Addison and Hodson, has become proprietor of the new transposing piano, invented by S. Mercier, of Paris.

THALBERG is composing an opera, entitled the "*Burgunder*"—the libretto by Rellstab, which is to be brought out, when completed, at Berlin.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—An extraordinary pianist—the epithet for once is true—is at present in Paris; his name is—you know it already—Leopold de Meyer. This new wonder cannot and must not be compared to any one; he is a new phenomenon in the musical horizon. Leopold de Meyer effects with one finger what many cannot accomplish with two hands; it is impossible to push force and agility further. The *Marche Marocaine*—the *Nocturnes*—the *Départ et Retour*—*Bajazet*—*Norma*—*Lucrezia*—*Galop de Bravoure*, &c. are the compositions from his own pen which he has chosen to display all the elegance, all the celerity, all the energy of his fine talent. By the side of that of Leopold de Meyer the execution of Thalberg is cold and monotonous. Leopold de Meyer surpasses Thalberg by eight fingers out of ten—which is as much as to say that Meyer produces eight times more effect than Thalberg.—(From an article in "*La France Musicale*"—signed ESCUDIER.)

THE VISION INTERPRETED.—The great pianist, Leopold de Meyer is the lion of all the *soirées* of the *grand monde*. He is a prodigious player—astonishing and pleasing at the same time by the colossal power and delicate suavity of his style. His admirable *fantaisie* on *Norma*, which produced so great an effect at the concerts of *La France Musicale*, will soon be published. Every pianist will hasten to obtain this magnificent composition.—*La France Musicale*. [We understand that Thalberg will play at one of the concerts of this influential musical organ, immediately on his return to Paris, and that he will take Miss Dolby, John Parry, Miss Eliza Birch, and Mr. Joseph Calkin, with him, in order to enhance the interest of the concert, and to add eventually to the number of his fingers.—ED. M. W.]

BELLS.—The grandest story on record, respecting a bell, is that told of the Gunpowder Conspirators, who, while digging under the Parliament House, fancied they heard a bell tolling in the earth. The story, taken in connexion with the memorable conspiracy, is almost appalling. We know not on what authority it rests, but if well authenticated, it might do more to clear away the popular error respecting the characters of those zealous fanatics, than all the comments of historians.

A HAPPY ESCAPE.—Thalberg, with Mrs. and Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch, Mr. J. Calkin, Mr. John Parry and Mr. J. Calcott, left Liverpool on Saturday evening, in a steam packet for Belfast, where a concert was to have taken place on Monday evening. The weather became so stormy, that, after beating about the Isle of Man, for several hours in the most alarming situation, the captain with great danger and difficulty succeeded in putting the boat back, and the party returned safely to Liverpool on Sunday, after experiencing the most perilous and distressing night. They unanimously gave up the idea of proceeding to Belfast, though Thalberg with Miss Whinnall, and Mr. Calkin proceeded the next day to Dublin. Miss Dolby, Miss E. Birch and Mr. John Parry judiciously remain on *terra firma*, awaiting the return of Thalberg, whom they will meet at Shrewsbury, where a concert will take place on Monday next.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The 104th anniversary of the Madrigal Society took place at the Freemason's Tavern, on the 16th instant, Lord Saltoun presiding; supported by Lord Oxford, Sir G. Clark, Sir A. Barnard, Colonel Sykes, Major Oliphant, and about a hundred professors and amateurs of music, including Braham and Dragonetti, whose healths were proposed by T. Oliphant, Esq. The vocal choir, under the direction of Mr. Hawes, consisted of about seventy, trebles, altos, tenors, and basses, arranged in due order. The programme contained the following compositions.

Hide not thou thy face	(1560)	Farrant.
Within a greenwood	(1570)	Ferretti.
O sleep, fond fancy	(1599)	Bennet.
Now each creature	(1598)	Farmer.
Lady, see, on every side	(1570)	L. Marenzio.
Come, gentle swains	(1600)	Cavendish.
Kyrie Eleison	(1720)	L. Leo.
Die not, fond man	(1600)	J. Ward.
At sound of her sweet voice	(1570)	Quintiani.
Ah, dear heart	(1613)	C. Gibbons.
I love, alas! I love thee	(1600)	Morley.
On the plains, fairy trains	(1600)	Weelkes.
Finale.—The waits	(1660)	J. Saville.

MR. RANSFORD is engaged to give his "Illustrations of Gipsy Life and Character," at the London and Southwark Institution, Hackney Road, on Friday evening, Feb. 21st, assisted by Miss Ellen Lyon, and Mr. Louis Emanuel.

MOSCHELES.—This distinguished musician has returned to town with his family, after a gratifying tour in his native land of upwards of six months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. THOMAS WOOD must pardon our dullness in miscomprehending his very succinct and pithy—though to a stranger not instantaneously intelligible—method of signature. E. F. L.—The address of Mr. George Cooper, organist of St. Sepulchre's, is No. 21, Ely Place, Hatton Garden. MR. J. N. WASTFIELD received with thanks. W. G. (Dublin) next week. G. D.—We are not acquainted with any work on the subject, but have little doubt that some information may be obtained from J. A. Novello, of Dean Street. DR. ELVEY, received with thanks. MR. FURBISHER—MR. CASTERTON—The MUSICAL WORLD shall be forwarded according to desire.—MR. A. BURRINGTON—MR. H. B. RICHARDS—MR. J. REEVE MR. FIDGOR, received with thanks. MR. J. STORER.—We are mistaken if we have not already acknowledged the receipt of our correspondent's account up to Dec. 1844; if not, however, we beg leave to apologize, as our neglect was quite unintentional. MR. LAIDLAW.—The mistake has been rectified; the Index and Title for 1844 are preparing. MR. J. PATTERSON, received with thanks; this is equivalent to our acknowledgment; if we were to send a letter in return for every subscriber's quarterly account, we should have to write about two thousand five hundred every three months. MR. C. E. HORN.—We have received the "Christmas Bells," which we shall have the utmost pleasure in noticing.

Advertisements.

TO MUSIC SELLERS' ASSISTANTS.

WANTED a respectable and intelligent young man, who has served his time in the above business, competent to undertake a responsible situation in the country. One from a large concern out of London would be preferred. He must be a good man of business, able to show off a Pianoforte. and to tune when required, though the latter acquirement would not be indispensable. Address (prepaid) to R. S. T., Mr. Halliday's, Queen's Arms Hotel, Liverpool.

TO AMATEURS, VOCALISTS, AND OTHERS.

MR. F. NICHOLLS CROUCH

Having been solicited by his Friends and Pupils to form a Society for the purpose of singing Masses, Glee, and Madrigals, informs the lovers of classical music, that he is now establishing a Musical Club for that purpose, to be held at his chambers, 75, Great Titchfield Street, every Wednesday evening, commencing at seven o'clock, concluding at eleven. Terms of Subscription, One Guinea per Quarter, paid in advance.

Mr. Crouch continues to give Lessons in Singing and Declamation for the Stage or Concert Room, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, from nine till five o'clock. Vacancies for a Tenor, an Alto, and some Trebles (Boys).

Applications stating age and Qualification, to be sent, post-paid, directed Porland Chambers, 76, Great Titchfield Street.

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Approved of by Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by the Institute of France, and by all the first-rate Composers and Professors of Music in England and on the Continent; and adopted at the Royal Academies of Music, in every capital of Europe. For the Study of the Pianoforte and all other musical instruments.

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TESTIMONIALS.

Institute de France, Royal Academy of Fine Arts.

GENTLEMEN,—The Minister of the Interior, by a letter bearing date the 14th of Dec. 1843, has requested your opinion on the *Chirogymnast*. The members of the musical department to which the examination of this instrument has been referred, after mature deliberation, have the honour to acquaint you that their opinion is most favourable to this ingenious invention. The inventor having been desirous of facilitating the study of musical instruments in general, but more in particular of the Pianoforte, has carefully studied the Anatomy of the Hand. The *Chirogymnast*, or Gymnastic Finger Exercises, is an assemblage of several studies on a single board.

It is intended to prepare the hand for the study of all sorts of musical instruments, but principally of the Pianoforte.

GENTLEMEN,—After a long and minute examination, the undersigned Commissioners being fully sensible of the utility of the *Chirogymnast*, think that the inventor deserves every encouragement for the trouble and perseverance which must have guided his studies preparatory to the construction of his instrument, and that the Royal Academy of France, will but do him justice in giving him their unqualified approbation.

CHERUBINI.

BERTON.

HALEVY.

CARAFI, Reporter.

The Royal Academy of France approves and adopts the conclusions of the above Report.

Certified formally,

RAOUL ROCLETTE.

A copy of Mrs. Anderson's Letter relative to the Chirogymnast.

London, Nov. 3rd, 1842.

SIR,—Having carefully examined your *Chirogymnast*, I have no hesitation in saying I consider it admirably adapted for the extension of the hand, and equalizing the fingers, and that the different exercises must greatly tend to facilitate the difficulties of the present school of playing. Sincerely wishing your ingenious invention may meet with the success it is entitled to.

I have the honor of remaining, Sir, Yours, &c. &c.

LUCY ANDERSON,
Instructress and Pianist to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

(To be Continued.)

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

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FOR THE QUEEN'S BOUDOIR,

EDITED BY CHARLES JEFFERYS.

The annuals are the ambassadors of Christmas. They bring with them visions of a pleasant time not far off. Plum-pudding and snap-dragon, and a merry country dance and blind man's buff, and all the agreeable auxiliaries of the most comfortable season of the English year—the delightful jollities with which we *feite* the departure of the old year, as of an ancient and cherished friend—are typified plainly on the face of them. We love to look upon their gaudy trappings, swaggering and glittering with such infinity of promise—we love no less to glance through their, but too often, empty interiors, answering us good-naturedly with a smile redolent of nothing. But the whole matter is a pleasant jest and should be welcomed with open arms by all who love a show of happiness that comes but "once a year." A true philosopher enjoys a pantomime—a fact pleasantly memorialized by Leigh Hunt, in one of the admirable papers of his "Indicator"—and why should we not equally enter into the spirit of an annual? It means nothing—it is nothing—it *ought to be* nothing but a sign of the time, an emblazoned record of an annual merriment. To those who do not side with us, we recommend a perusal of the works of the most natural and humanising of England's poets, who have often and clearly demonstrated, that not to be happy and thoughtless, not to have a heart full of love and welcome for everything and nothing at the "Jolly Christmas time," indicates strongly a want of heart altogether. "The Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir," is annually one of the pearls of its merry tribe—and its contributions to the leisure time of 1845, are no less than ever attractive. Its covering is embellished with its emblemizing, its lithographing, and what not—of a splendour which at once dazzles the eye, and leads the understanding, in chains, to offer homage at its shrine. The pencil of the polypictorial Brandard—the graphic genius of the music-shops—has seldom been employed to more advantage. It is no small compliment to say of him that he is an artist in spite of *motley*—gold and tinsel become plastic under his magic wand; and he fairly converts the most trivial materials into objects worthy the admiration of all gazers. His "Evening at Naples," "Reconciliation," and his "Ma Normandie," are master-pieces in their way. Nor is he slightly indebted to the careful press of Hanbury, who in the department of music-annual lithographic-impression, is without a rival. The musical contributions this year, in a great measure, scoff at our impeachment of emptiness. Some of the pieces, vocal and instrumental, are really charming. A *divertissement*, "An Evening in Naples," by Charles Glover, is full of Italian feeling—the *tarantella* is as good as almost anything of its kind. Some polkas, and a cavatina, "Merry is the Greenwood," by Stephen Glover, are also well worthy mention. A vocal duet, "We were children together," by George Macfarren (a classical name for an album), to which words full of natural sentiment have been wedded by Desmond Ryan, is an exquisite *moreaux*, instilled with pure melody and musician-like harmony. Besides these we may notice a pretty ballad, "The Widow and her Child," by Edward Loder, in his most catching style; a very graceful song, "Flow Rio Verde," by Thomas Baynam, a name new to us; a touching ballad, "The Song of the Past," written and composed by Mr. Charles Jefferys, the intelligent editor of the annual; a lively *Quadrille*, by Fleche; a clever song, "Laugh, lady, laugh," by Montgomery; another of no less merit, by Louis Leo, "Gilding o'er the moonlit ocean;" and an excellent set of quadrilles, by Camille Schenbert, with the emblematical nomenclature of "La Rose"—besides many other items of assured merit, which our space unfortunately will not allow us to particularize. In fine, of the kind of publication which it affects to emulate, we have met with few more worthy general attention than "A Book of Beauty for the Queen's Boudoir"—a seemingly and valuable Christmas present for any young lady who may be inclined to accept it of any young gentleman who may feel inclined to make an offer.—*Morning Post*.

C. JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE.

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To be had of all Music Sellers; and at the author's residence, 26, Soho Square, where he gives private lessons on the violin or pianoforte (with and without the violin accompaniment). Mr. Cohan also attends at the residences of his pupils.

(In the press.)

A new "GRAND MORCEAU" for the pianoforte, by the same composer.

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